



英汉对照  
世界文学丛书

THE MAYOR OF  
CASTERBRIDGE

〔英〕哈代原著

〔英〕L.H.梅约改写

简写本 ● 上海译文出版社

# 卡斯特桥市长



英汉对照世界文学丛书

**The Mayor of  
Casterbridge**

**卡斯特桥市长**

(简写本)

[英] T. 哈代 原著

[英] L. H. 梅约 改写

晓葆译

---

上海译文出版社出版发行

上海延安中路955弄14号

全国新华书店经销

上海长鹰印刷厂印刷

---

开本 787×1092 1/32 印张 13 字数 224,000

1989年3月第1版 1995年7月第1次印刷

印数: 13,501—33,500册

ISBN7-5327-0585-4/H·163

定价: 9.20元

## 内 容 简 介

《卡斯特桥市长》是英国著名批判现实主义作家托玛斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy 1840—1923)的一部重要小说。作品描写十九世纪初叶，资本主义开始在英国发展并向农村渗透的时期，发生在英国威塞克斯地区一个市镇上的一出悲剧。

小说主人公亨察尔德本是个普通的打草工人，在一次集市上，因酒醉误事，将妻女卖给过路水手，酒醒后追悔莫及，发誓二十年不再饮酒。此后他发愤努力，成了卡斯特桥的首富和市长，分离二十年的妻子苏珊也携女归来。然而，就在这时，他又一次受到命运的嘲弄。他生性倔强执拗，先是与合伙人争吵分手，继则事业在竞争中失败破产，妻子一病不起命归黄泉，女儿被生父认领（原来他自己的亲生女儿早已在二十年前卖给水手后不久夭折），当年出卖妻女的丑闻也终于泄露。在接踵而至的沉重打击下，他孑然一身，默默地回到荒原，重操打草工旧业，最后孤独地在草棚中死去，留下的遗嘱倾诉了对人生的愤懑。

小说情调严峻，通篇描写主人公尽管为年轻时铸下的大错努力补过，却仍然无法逃脱厄运，从一个角度上揭示了当时英国社会的矛盾。

## CONTENTS

1. The Auction .....	2
2. In Search of Mr Henchard .....	36
3. A Second Marriage .....	78
4. Henchard and Farfrae .....	114
5. Lucetta Comes to Casterbridge .....	156
6. Lucetta and Donald .....	200
7. Lucetta Is Married .....	234
8. Henchard's Fall .....	274
9. An Unexpected Death .....	312
10. Newson Returns .....	354
VOCABULARY .....	400

## 目 录

一、拍卖·····	3
二、寻找亨察尔德先生·····	37
三、第二次结婚·····	79
四、亨察尔德与法尔伏雷·····	115
五、露赛妲来到卡斯特桥·····	157
六、露赛妲与唐纳·····	201
七、露赛妲结婚·····	235
八、亨察尔德的没落·····	275
九、意想不到的死·····	313
十、纽逊归来·····	355
词汇表·····	400

# **The Mayor of Casterbridge**

卡斯特桥市长

## 1. The Auction

It was a late summer evening at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A young man and a woman were approaching the large village of Weydon-Priors<sup>1</sup> in Upper Wessex<sup>2</sup>. They were on foot and the woman was carrying a child. The thick layer of dust which had collected over the travellers during their long journey made them look unfairly poor and shabby.

The man had a fine, strong figure and his face was stern and dark. His clothes were made of cotton cord material and his head was covered with a straw hat. He carried a basket strapped to his back. Out of the top of the basket could be seen some hay-cutting tools. His steady, measured walk showed that he was a skilled countryman.

What was strange, however, about this couple, was the silence between them. The man was reading, or pretending to read, a song printed on a sheet of paper. The woman behaved as if she were alone except for the child she carried. The only sound coming from the little group was the occasional whisper of the woman to the child and the tiny girl's reply.

---

1. Weydon-Priors ['weɪdɒn 'praɪəz] 威敦·普利奥 斯 (村庄名)

2. Wessex ['wesɪks] 威塞克斯 (英国西南部一区域名), Upper Wessex 上威塞克斯(威塞克斯北部地区)

## 一、拍 卖

十九世纪初，夏末的一天傍晚。一个年轻的男子和一个女人正走近上威塞克斯的威敦·普利奥斯大村庄。他们徒步而行，女人还抱着一个小孩。在长途跋涉中，积聚在这两个赶路人身上的那层厚厚的风尘，使他们看上去显得额外可怜和寒酸。

这男人体格魁梧而健壮，面容严峻而阴沉。他穿着灯芯绒布缝制的衣服，头戴一顶草帽，背着一只篮子，篮子上头露出几件割草的工具。他那稳健而有节奏的步履，显示出他是一个干活熟练的乡下人。

然而，奇怪的是，这一对男女相互之间竟一句话也不说。男的正在念或者装作在念一首印在纸上的歌。那女的若不是她抱着的那个孩子，好象就她孤单一人似的。这小小的一家子的唯一声音，便是那女人偶尔对孩子的轻轻细语和那小女孩的唧呀作答。



The young woman's face was not beautiful, but the way she looked down sideways to the girl made her quite pretty. As she walked slowly on, silently thinking, she had only the hard, dull expression of hopelessness on her face. There could be no doubt that the man and woman were husband and wife, and were the parents of the baby girl.

The wife stared straight ahead most of the time, though she showed little interest in what she saw. For a long time there was nothing, except the voice of a weak bird singing an old evening song that would certainly have been heard there at any sunset of that season for centuries. As they came closer to the village, a lot of different shouts and noises reached their ears. When the first houses of Weydon-Priors could finally be seen, the family group met a farm labourer coming towards them. The husband looked up from his song.

'Any work here?' he asked, pointing to the village with a wave of his piece of paper. 'Anything for a hay-maker?'

The labourer had already begun shaking his head. 'There's nothing like that near Weydon-Priors at this time of the year.'

'Then is there a house for rent — a small, new cottage just built, or something like that?' asked the first.

The labourer said, 'Pulling down is what happens here. Five houses were cleared away last year, and three this year. That's how things are

这年轻女人的脸并不美，但是她侧过脸低头看小女孩的那副样子，倒使她看起来还相当漂亮。她慢步走着，默默地想着心事，脸上只有冷漠而呆滞的绝望神情。这一男一女无疑是夫妻，而且是小女孩的父母。

大多数时间，那妻子直愣愣地凝视着前方，可对所见的东西并没什么兴致。有很长一阵，四周寂静，只有一只柔弱的小鸟在唱一首古老的黄昏之歌，在这种季节的任何一个落日时分，这歌声人们已经听了好几个世纪了。在他们走近村庄时，各种各样的叫喊声和喧闹声传进他们的耳廓。当威敦·普利奥斯村的第一批房屋终于出现在他们眼前时，这一家子碰到一个迎面走来的农庄雇工。丈夫把目光移开歌纸，抬起头来。

“这儿有活干吗？”他扬扬手里的纸头，指着那村庄。“有什么打草工的活儿吗？”

那雇工早已摇起头来。“在一年的这个时节里，威敦·普利奥斯附近是没有这样的活儿的。”

“那么，可有房屋出租——一间新盖的小草屋，或者类似这样的屋子？”头一个说话的问道。

雇工说：“这儿拆房子的事儿倒是有。去年拆掉了五间，今年又是三间。威敦·普利奥斯的情形就是这样。”

in Weydon-Priors.'

The hay-maker nodded. Looking towards the village, he continued, 'There is something going on here, isn't there?'

'Yes. It's Fair Day, though what you hear now is only the noise of the fairground taking the money of children and fools. The real business was done much earlier.'

The hay-maker and his family went on their way, and soon entered the fairground. At present, as they had been told by the labourer, there was little real business left, only the auctioning of a few poor quality animals that could not be sold in any other way. Yet the crowd was thicker now than in the morning. There were visitors and workers out for a holiday, a soldier or two, and village shopkeepers, all coming at the end of the day. They all enjoyed the usual fairground amusements: peep-shows, medicines on sale said to be able to cure almost anything, and fortune tellers.

Neither of our travellers were much interested in these things and they looked around for a refreshment tent. Two, which were nearest to them, seemed almost equally inviting. One was new and had red flags flying from it. Beer and cider were sold there. The other was not so new, a little iron stovepipe came out of it at the back, and at the front a sign announced, 'Good Furmity Sold Here'. The man looked at both tents and then moved towards the first,

打草人点点头，眼望着村子，继续说道：“今天这儿有什么活动，是不是呀？”

“是啦。今天是赶集的日子。不过这会儿你听到的，只不过是集市里向孩子和笨蛋们骗钱的嚷嚷声罢了。正经八百做生意的早就收市啦。”

打草人一家继续赶路，很快走进市场。这时候，就象雇工告诉他们的那样，剩下的已没有什么真正的生意，只有一些没有别的法子可以脱手的劣等牲口在拍卖。不过，这会儿人群倒是比早上来得密。游客和休假的工人，一二个士兵，还有乡村铺子的掌柜们，都在这集市收摊的时刻光临了。他们全都在享受集市常有的玩意儿：西洋景，出售号称能治百病的药，还有相命的。

我们的赶路人对这些玩意儿没有多大兴趣，他们四处张望，想找一处供小吃的帐篷。有两处靠近他们的帐篷，看上去差不多同样地吸引人。一处是新开张的，飘扬着鲜红的旗帜，出售啤酒和苹果酒。另一处不这么新，后面伸出一小段铁制的火炉烟囱，前门一块招牌上写着：“此处出售香甜牛奶麦粥”。打草人朝两处帐篷打量了一番，然后便朝头一个帐篷走去。

‘No — no — the other one,’ said the woman. ‘I always like furmity and so does Elizabeth-Jane<sup>1</sup>, and so will you. It is nourishing after a long hard day.’

‘I’ve never tasted it,’ said the man. However, he didn’t really mind and they went into the furmity tent.

There were a lot of people inside, seated at long narrow tables that ran down the tent at each side. At the upper end stood a hot stove, over which hung a large pot. An old woman was in charge. She was wearing a very large white apron which made her look quite respectable. The contents of the pot, corn, flour, milk, raisins, currants and spices, made a meal of a type that had been sold and eaten in that area for centuries.

The young man and woman each ordered a bowl of the steaming hot mixture, and sat down to eat it. So far, all was well, for furmity, as the woman had said, was nourishing, and was as good a meal as was to be found anywhere in the world even though it might not look very pleasant.

But there was more happening in the tent than was obvious at first. The man watched the old woman out of the corner of his eye, and saw what she was doing. He winked at her and passed her his bowl. She took a bottle out from under the table and poured out some rum from it into the man’s furmity. The man slyly paid for the illegal addition to his meal. He found the mixture much

---

1. Elizabeth-Jane [i'li:zəbədʒeɪn] 伊丽莎白-简(人名)

“不——不——到另外那个去，”女人说道。  
“我一向爱吃牛奶麦粥，伊丽莎白-简也爱吃，你也会要吃的。累了一整天，这东西营养好。”

“我可从来没吃过这东西，”男人说。不过，他也并不真的在乎，他们便走进卖甜粥的帐篷里去。

里面的人倒是不少，都坐在靠帐篷四壁排着的狭长桌子边上。在靠上首的一头，放着一个烧得旺旺的炉子，炉火上吊着一口大锅，由一个老婆子掌管着。她系着一条很大的白色围裙，显得颇有气派。锅子里边有麦片、面粉、牛奶、葡萄干、无核小葡萄干和香料一类东西，做成一种食品。在这个地区里，这东西出售给人们作小吃已有好多个世纪了。

这对年轻男女各人叫了一碗滚烫的粥，便坐下吃起来。到此刻为此，一切都还顺顺当当，因为就象女人所说的，这甜粥富于营养，虽则它或许不太中看，却称得上天底下到处都有的一顿美食。

但是，这帐篷里还有开头不太显眼的东西呢。这男人用眼角梢瞟着老婆子，看到她正在干什么勾当。他朝她使个眼色，便把碗递给她。她打桌底下拿出一个瓶子，从里面倒了一点甜酒到男人的粥里。男人偷偷地付了这份加到吃食里的私酒帐。他觉得这粥比原先的要过瘾得多了。他妻子早已看到

more satisfactory than before. His wife had watched what was happening uneasily.

The man finished his bowl and called for another, the rum being added again, but even more this time. The effect soon became obvious in his manner, and his wife realized too late, that though she had prevented him going into the licensed beer tent, they had ended up in a worse situation, being among smugglers.

The child was becoming restless, and the wife said to her husband, 'Michael<sup>1</sup>, we must find somewhere to stay. If we don't go soon we will have trouble finding anything.'

But he did not listen to his wife and talked loudly to everyone around him. The child went to sleep.

At the end of his fourth basin the man was loud and quarrelsome. The conversation turned to the ruin of good men by bad wives, and the end of many a young man's aims and hopes by an unfortunate early marriage.

'That has happened to me,' said the hay-maker, with bitterness. 'I married at eighteen, like the fool that I was; and this is the result of it.' He pointed at himself and his family with a wave of his hand.

His wife, who seemed used to such remarks, acted as if she did not hear them. The man continued, 'I haven't more than fifteen shillings in

---

1. Michael ['maɪkəl] 迈克尔(人名)

了发生的一切，心里惴惴不安。

男人吃完一碗，又要一碗，再加上甜酒，不过这回加得更多。酒力很快在他的举动上表现出来，待到他妻子明白过来时，已为时太晚，虽则她没有让他进入有执照的卖酒帐篷，而到头来落到卖私酒人中间，情形更糟。

小孩开始不安宁起来，妻子对丈夫说：“麦克尔，我们一定得找个歇脚的地方。要是我们不走，要找个地方就麻烦啦。”

但是他没听妻子说话，只顾拉开嗓门同周围的人高谈阔论。那孩子倒是睡着了。

到了吃完第四碗，男人就大吵大嚷了。谈话转到了能干的男人毁在坏老婆手里，以及许多年轻男子追求的目标与希望都因那倒霉的早婚而完蛋。

“我已经碰上了这种事，”打草人凄苦地说。“我十八岁结的婚，那时我就象个傻瓜蛋；喏，这就是它的结果。”他一扬手，指指自己和他的一家子。

他的妻子，对这种话似乎已经习以为常，就象没有听见似的。男人继续说：“虽则在我这个行当



the world, and yet I am a good, experienced man in my work. If I were a free man again I'd be worth a thousand pounds before I'd finished. But a fellow never knows these little things until all chance of doing something about them is gone.'

The auctioneer selling the old horses in the field outside could be heard saying, 'Now this is the last one -- now who'll take the last one? Shall I say forty shillings? It's a very good mare, a little over five years old, and there's nothing the matter with the horse at all, except that she's a little thin and has had her left eye knocked out.'

'Well, I don't see why men who have wives and don't want them shouldn't get rid of them like these fellows get rid of their old horses,' said the hay-maker. 'Why shouldn't they sell them by auction to men who are in need of such articles? Hey? I'd sell mine this minute if anybody would buy her!'

'There are some who would do that,' one of the guests replied, looking at the woman, who was certainly not ugly.

'True,' said another gentleman, who looked as if he had once been a groom or coachman to a wealthy family. 'I've lived among the wealthy and I can see if someone is a lady -- and this one is, though it might not be obvious at first.' Then he crossed his legs and looked up at the roof.

The drunk young husband stopped for a few